These videos show the author's missionary work among the people known as the Igorot, especially the Kankanaey tribe, in the remote mountain areas of Northern Luzon in the Philippines.

From 1977 to 1991, the author lived and worked as a missionary in Itogon, a village adjacent to Baguio City, a well-known mountain resort.
The videos themselves were recorded over a period of a little more than three years, beginning around 1987, when video recording equipment of this kind had just started to become available in Japan.

This region is known as one of the areas with the heaviest rainfall in the world. For about half of the year, torrential rain continues almost without interruption, making it nearly impossible to enter the deep mountain areas. During the rainy season, missionary work was therefore carried out mainly in nearby settlements or among the Ilocano people living along the coastal areas down from the mountains.

At that time, color video cameras had only just come onto the market. They were extremely large and heavy, the recording time was limited, and the image quality was poor. Editing equipment was also very expensive. As a result, each video here is simply a shortened version—about thirty minutes—cut from an original tape that ran close to two hours. I ask for your patience as you watch.

Sadly, many tapes were lost during moves or after being lent to television companies. What remains are those tapes that happened to stay in my possession and were later transferred to DVD after my return to Japan.

The videos were uploaded to YouTube by a friend of mine. He had no knowledge of the order in which they were recorded, so the numbering of the videos does not follow chronological order. The explanations here follow the video numbers as they appear.

You can access my channel directly here:
Masaaki Sasaki YouTube Channel

When you open the link, click on the small "Videos" tab to see the full list.
Each title includes a number corresponding to the video's order in this document.
For some reason, **Video No. 8** is missing—it used to be there but has disappeared.
If someone skilled in such matters could help re-upload it, I would be deeply grateful.

You may also watch each video directly by clicking on the URLs listed below while holding down the **Ctrl key** (Windows) or **Command key** (Mac).
Before watching, I recommend reading each description to understand the background and context.

Video 1 – Lomboi

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OOEeTztYgbw&t=283s

This video first shows a district fellowship gathering held in the village of Lomboi. It then moves to a worship service at the Baguio church. Finally, there is a short scene of a Filipino co-worker who served with me for many years, singing in a Japanese church during a visit we made together while I was touring churches in Japan. You may be surprised by the differences between Filipino churches and Japanese churches.

Lomboi is a very inconvenient place to reach. Under normal circumstances, it takes several hours on foot. For gatherings like this, believers who own sturdy vegetable transport vehicles bring people along the way, or trucks are rented so that everyone can come together.

Even considering how difficult the location is, I think a fairly large number of people gathered on this occasion. Igorot people living in the mountains tend to be quieter and less talkative than people in the lowlands. Their meetings are calm, yet compared with Japanese churches, they are still more emotional. And everywhere, of course, people look forward to the meal.

From 15:40, the video shows a worship service at the Baguio church. This was probably around the fourth year after the church was planted. I did not usually attend this church very often, because it already had capable pastors. I made it a rule to spend my time mainly visiting small and fragile pioneer churches. I also rarely gave detailed instruction on how meetings should be conducted. However, when things descended into chaos, I did step in.

At this church, I had previously taught eager university students, during weekday sessions, how to handle reception, greeting, guiding people to their seats, collecting and keeping contact information for first-time visitors, and even providing very simple counseling. This service was an opportunity to put that training into practice, and the students who had been taught seemed a little afraid of me.

At 30:15, you see a gathering in Japan. My co-worker had come to Japan with me and visited several churches. Some women who attended that meeting were deeply discouraged after hearing him sing. They had been training seriously, planning to release recordings as Christian singers—tapes, at that time—but after hearing this

complete amateur, they felt they could never measure up. Forgive me, but I chose not to encourage them before the meeting. I had already seen how they practiced.

By chance, Pastor Yamada, an older pastor with an excellent singing voice, was also present at that meeting. He was deeply moved and insisted that the singer come to his church the very next day. Although there was no scheduled meeting, he said he would telephone the members so that they could all hear him sing.

That impromptu gathering begins at 30:15.
After all, I prefer Japanese meetings. It is much the same as preferring Japanese sashimi over Filipino delicacies such as kare-kare, lechon baboy, or watwat. One simply likes what one was raised with. Even so, Filipinos truly sing well. The man singing in this video has spent nearly forty more years since then, and now sings with far greater depth and richness. The smooth flow from piano to pianissimo, which he could not manage at that time, is now truly impressive.

Video 2 - Natublan

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pZpHewC3EKQ

Natublan church was one of the earliest pioneer churches in our mission work, the second to be started. It is located at a high altitude of a little over 2,000 meters above sea level. The people living there make their living by growing highland vegetables, a skill that was taught to them by Japanese settlers who had migrated there before the Second World War.

Although the land is relatively open, evangelism there proved to be extremely difficult. Many churches had attempted to establish work in this area, but all had faced great hardship. When we began our own effort, there was only one church in the area, consisting of a single family.

We first thought it essential to let the people know who we were. We borrowed a generator and a projector and attempted to show a Christian film. However, at night the area was wrapped in thick fog. The images were projected into the fog and never reached the screen. The attempt ended in complete failure.

The next morning, as we finished eating at the only restaurant in the village and stepped outside, we began talking casually with a group of drunken men loitering near the entrance. One of them turned out to be the village head. We spoke with him at length,

and through him we were able to obtain, free of charge, a piece of village-owned land and a partially collapsed concrete block building.

He and his family later became central members of our church. His severe drinking habit was healed, and he became a great source of strength in the work.

Video 3 – Boeng, Second Day

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SnC-BT7MLiU&t=270s

February 20, 1988.
Believers from neighboring congregations and people from the local community gathered to see the fruit of evangelistic work at the *kanyao* gathering in Boeng. On that day, a village elder attended the meeting dressed in formal attire. This meant that we had been accepted by the community.

Much later—more than thirty years afterward—we learned something deeply moving: the wife of the pastor who was serving at that time was the daughter of that very elder.

We did not simply reject the local religion as idol worship. Instead, we sought points within it that resonated with the God of the Bible and biblical faith, and we used those points as bridges for evangelism. We took as our model the Apostle Paul's approach in Athens. Although he felt indignation in his heart at the city full of idols, he did not attack or condemn the idol worshipers with harsh words. Rather, he acknowledged their sincere religious devotion, even toward a God they did not yet know, and then sought to introduce them to the God who created heaven and earth.

The Igorot sense of God is very similar to the noble sense of the divine found in Japanese Shinto, and it also closely resembles the biblical understanding of God. At that time, we made a serious effort to understand the ethical values and communal consciousness of the local society, and to carry out our mission work in accordance with that understanding.

Fortunately, this church took deep root in the community. At the same time, people who could no longer expand their farms in the limited land of the area chose to leave and form new communities elsewhere, where they went on to establish new churches.

I hope you will see the 모습 of simple people who direct their simple hearts toward God, worship simply, and simply enjoy fellowship with one another.

Human beings are created in the image of God. They are given hearts that can sense the invisible God—God who cannot be seen, touched, or fully explained in human language. Moreover, human beings are created in the likeness of the God of love, so that they may live by loving one another, helping one another, caring for one another, and forgiving one another.

Video 4 – Boeng, First Day

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CuJsn0BGNTU&t=327s

This video shows the first day of the fellowship gathering in Boeng. Please enjoy the fresh morning scenery of this remote mountain village. You will see the joyful atmosphere of the gathering, the powerful slaughtering and preparation of a pig, the appearance of village leaders dressed in formal attire—old Western-style suits known as *Americana* and traditional red loincloths—the baptismal service, and the steep rice terraces carved into the mountainsides.

The church building here was constructed in a very short time. We purchased six large pine trees and cut them into lumber using a four-foot chainsaw. With the help of two Finnish missionaries who were confident in their carpentry skills, the framework was completed in just two days. After that, the rest was left to the believers themselves.

Seeing the church growing steadily renewed our joy.

Video 5 – Mission Theology Narration

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=D5xyeeU-yCU
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=D5xyeeU-yCU&t=1318s

This video contains three different scenes.

First, there is a narration of my mission theology recorded while returning from work in the remote mountain areas.
Second, it shows a fellowship gathering of young people from a neighboring lowland district.
Third, it shows the first day of pioneer evangelism in the coastal city of San Fernando.

In the narration, I explain the basic ideas behind our mission theology. This narration was added some time after we had completed our missionary work in the Philippines and returned to Japan.

The fellowship gathering of young people from the lowland church was held in a local high school building. They enjoyed worship services and sports together. The men played basketball, and the women played volleyball. Volleyball is the most popular sport in the Philippines, and men can be seen playing it almost anywhere on simple courts. Until then, I had never seen women actively participating in sports. This was the first time.

The next scene shows the first day of pioneer evangelism in the city of San Fernando. San Fernando is a port city with a population of just over 100,000, located about 70 to 80 kilometers from where I lived. Before this time, our colleagues had attempted evangelism there several times, but all attempts had failed.

We decided to begin evangelistic work in this city and made a plan to establish a church. We gathered a little over twenty young men and women from three churches around Baguio City that were connected with me. Every Saturday, they assembled in San Fernando, lived together, studied together, and went out in pairs for house-to-house visitation.

Nearly twenty young people gathered each week. Every Sunday morning at eight o'clock, they carried out visitation evangelism. This continued for about three months. The San Fernando church was born out of the fruit of this visitation evangelism. What is recorded in this video is the very first day of that work.

Video 6 – Sayangan Construction Site and Other Works

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yH3fsBdJw_8&t=3235s

This video contains scenes from many different mission sites.

1.

The construction site of Sayangan Church
After more than nine years of pioneer work, we were finally able to begin building a

church hall. Sayangan was known as an extremely difficult place for evangelism. Based on their own experience, the district superintendent at that time advised us that it would be better not to attempt church planting there.

However, the stubborn pioneer pastor, the Kotsingey couple, and I—an equally stubborn missionary—became all the more passionate the more we were told not to do it. We continued the work with long and patient perseverance.

2.

A worship service at Natublan Church
The pastor who planted Sayangan Church proposed starting a new work here, a place about twenty to thirty minutes away by car. With the cooperation of our entire team, we began this new effort together. Scenes from that pioneer work are included in Video 1

3.

The church in San Fernando
This shows the church planting work in the port city of San Fernando, located about 70 to 80 kilometers from our home, and a worship service held about three years later. The meeting place was on the second floor of a two-story building in what could only be described as the dirtiest area imaginable in the center of the city. After cleaning and organizing it as best we could, we had been using it for about two years.

4.

Pioneer evangelism in Bawang
Bawang is about a fifteen-minute drive from San Fernando. A young woman evangelist was directly responsible for the work, while a young male evangelist who had been entrusted with San Fernando provided guidance and oversight.

5.

A nighttime house meeting in Englandia
This was part of the outreach of Sayangan Church. The place came to be called "Englandia" because someone who had worked in England said that it was just as cold there. The altitude is said to be over 2,500 meters, and the nights are bitterly cold. At that time, a theology student named Sato, who was studying at our seminary APTS in Baguio, accompanied us as part of his training.

6.

A worship service at Sayangan Church
This was in the ninth year of the pioneer work. At that time, the building we rented for worship had previously been a potato storage warehouse. Soon even this meeting place would no longer be used, as the new church building was already under construction.

7.

A visit to Sipitan
We visited Sister Irene, a young woman from Sayangan who was engaged in pioneer evangelism there. At the time, her dwelling was a shabby hut full of gaps. Many of our churches were started by lay evangelists like her. She later married but was taken to heaven at a young age. Her child is now active elsewhere, and when watching my videos, is often deeply moved upon seeing images of her beloved mother. The work she began has since grown into a fine church.

8.

A visit to Bago village
We visited Bago village and our church there, which had been damaged by a massive landslide.

Video 7 - Visits After the Earthquake

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mYrqQZ63M04&t=1965s
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mYrqQZ63M04&t=483s

This is the first of the videos recorded after the major earthquake of 1990. Tapes that were lent to television stations were reportedly used extensively and then disappeared without ever being returned.

This video shows the damage in Philex, where we had devoted much effort to church planting. Even under such conditions, our brothers and sisters continued to live with strength and resilience.

After visiting Philex, we set out to visit other churches. We were especially concerned about churches deep in the mountains with which all communication had been cut off. Forcibly, we decided to try to reach them. We took long detours and traveled roads passable only by four-wheel-drive vehicles, finally reaching our destination.

Fortunately, there was no direct earthquake damage to the church itself. However, the main arterial road had collapsed and was impassable, cutting off all access to Baguio. As a result, vegetables could not be shipped, and the damage was severe. This was a highland vegetable-producing area, and seeing vast fields of cabbage left unharvested and beginning to rot filled us with deep sorrow.

Relieved to learn that the mountain church itself had suffered no serious damage, we were able to return using the main road, which had only just been restored. Later, however, we learned that the young wife of Mr. Ben Baran (Japan Mission-related No. 76) had been a primary school student at the time of this earthquake. In a house built on steep land in the remote Barbalit village, several hours further in by car, a large falling rock crushed her leg, leaving her with a disability. She was an outstanding child, went on to high school and higher education, and later acquired a fine profession.

Video 8 – Currently Deleted

This video has currently been removed from YouTube. The exact reason is unclear, but it appears that there were complaints from viewers. It is possible that the footage included scenes of naked children or a breastfeeding mother. I have had similar experiences in the past, where such photographs uploaded to Facebook were deleted.

After carefully reviewing the footage again and cutting out any scenes that might cause problems, I plan to ask my friend to re-upload the video. This video is the second day of the Kaan fellowship gathering and follows Video 12.

Video 9 – Interdenominational Fellowship

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uAQ4TV1cX2s

Before we began evangelistic work in Baguio City, there was an earlier episode that must be explained.

A few years after we arrived, a missionary belonging to a group called the *New Testament Church of God* came to Baguio City. After four years of ministry, he decided to return to the United States to visit his supporting churches, report on his missionary work, and seek further cooperation. At that time, he decided to entrust to me the Bible

study ministry that he himself had started. The reason was simple: both of us were missionaries belonging to the Pentecostal stream.

However, a serious problem arose. Within the Philippine Assemblies of God, there existed an extremely strange—and unbiblical—rule: evangelistic work must not be started within a seven-kilometer radius of an already existing Assemblies of God church. The reason given was that churches should not fight with one another.
Ridiculous.
Where had the teaching of Scripture gone?
Where had the spirit of Christ disappeared to?

Nevertheless, rules are rules, and they had to be observed. Therefore, instead of formally taking over the work, I continued the Bible study only during the missionary's absence, with the promise that I would return it to him when he was reassigned.

About twenty people gathered in this Bible study. They included a bank branch manager, the wife of a former mayor, the vice-principal of a national military academy, and a woman who owned several gasoline stations. They belonged to the upper segment of the emerging middle class of that time. They were well educated—almost all university graduates—highly capable, and we continued a lively and enjoyable Bible study for about a year. When the missionary returned, I handed the work back to him. By then, the number of participants had probably doubled.

The growth of that church afterward was remarkable. It quickly became the largest Protestant church in Baguio City.

Seeing this, we became convinced that we ourselves must begin pioneer evangelism in Baguio City. I negotiated with the general superintendent of our denomination and also appealed to the district superintendent. We were given permission to begin work in the city on the condition that the pastor of the already existing Assemblies of God church in Baguio would agree.

I then requested a meeting with that pastor and spent nearly four hours persuading him. At first, his face changed with anger. However, as I opened the Bible and reasoned with him from Scripture, he finally opened his heart. On the condition that we would not take members from his church, he gave us his consent.

By the time we began our pioneer work in Baguio, the earlier Bible study group had already grown into a church of several hundred people. They were holding worship services in the main hall of the Pines Hotel, which at that time was the most traditional and prestigious venue in Baguio City.

A few years later than them, we began our own independent church planting. Centered on low-income, less-educated Ilocano-speaking people and university students with no economic power, our congregation also grew to several hundred members and became known among the churches in the city. As a result, we proposed holding an interdenominational fellowship gathering.

However, pastors who were strong only in their strange sense of rivalry completely ignored our invitation. In the end, only two churches participated: the church that had grown out of the Bible study I had overseen, and our own church. It seems that Pentecostal churches were still far from being socially recognized at that time.

The young, bearded pastor of the *New Testament Church of God* seen in this video is someone I personally trained. He later studied at their Bible college in the United States and became a pastor. Filipinos, in any case, sing remarkably well.

After that, our churches continued to grow steadily, planting many new churches and producing evangelists, pastors, and missionaries who have gone out into the world.

Video 10 – Balatok Church Fellowship

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lFqOtLtOR2I&t=429s
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lFqOtLtOR2I&t=331s

This was a three-day fellowship gathering held at a cockfighting arena borrowed by the Balatok church. At that time, the Balatok church functioned as a single church overseeing eight congregations. The pastor could visit only one congregation each Sunday, while the remaining congregations conducted their worship services independently under the leadership of lay believers.

Training meetings for this purpose were held almost every week. In addition, every Sunday afternoon, a hotel in Baguio City was rented so that believers who were able to come from all congregations could gather together. The aim was to emphasize and instill the awareness that, although they belonged to different congregations, they were members of one church.

The fellowship held at this cockfighting arena was attended not only by believers from our partner churches such as the Baguio and Philex churches, but also by former parolees from Muntinlupa, and even by the governor of Benguet Province.

Video 11 – Agoo Baptism and Used Clothing

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-naHR8mzpr0&t=103s
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-naHR8mzpr0&t=681s

June 6, 1989.
This was a joint baptism held for two of our churches, Balatok and Philex, both located within a mining company area. Although the official purpose was baptism, people from the mountains brought along children—and not only children—who had never seen the sea before, and we all went together to the beach in Agoo.

The next scenes show a gathering held in November 1989, shortly after we had begun pioneer work in the lowland town of Urdaneta.

What follows is the used-clothing sorting ministry organized by the women of the Tuding church, where our family had been staying as guests. Each year, Japanese churches donated about 170 to 200 cardboard boxes filled with used clothing. The shipping cost to the Philippine port was approximately 3,500 to 4,000 yen per box. Japanese believers, who felt it was a waste to throw clothing away, generously sent items that had been stored away in drawers, rejoicing that they could be put to good use.

When a large number of boxes arrived at once, they were held at the customs office, and the recipient had to go in person to collect them. I am a rather easygoing missionary who serves a God who swallows both purity and impurity, and who does not concern himself too much with small matters. I went to the customs office to receive the goods only once.

On one occasion, about one hundred boxes arrived at the same time. A notice came instructing me to come to the office in the morning, as they needed to inspect the contents carefully and determine the appropriate taxes. I began the process before 9 a.m., but in the large warehouse, about five workers were opening the boxes and checking each piece of clothing one by one. The slowness was unbearable. It did not look as if the process would finish even after a full day.

In the stifling heat of the office, I waited idly. After 10 a.m., I spoke up in the office where about ten staff members were working. "It's unbearably hot. You're all having a hard time. How about this? Why don't you buy some cold soft drinks and snacks for everyone here, including the people working in the warehouse, and take a short break? Here is 300 pesos. Someone please go and buy them."

When the most senior-looking official nodded, two young female staff members happily took the money and rushed outside. Soon, snack time began.

I continued, “Public servants have it hard these days, don’t they? The government has no money, wages are unpaid, and even the president’s aides are talking about backyard gardens just to get by. As you know, I work as a missionary among the Igorot people, and these clothes are support from Japan for the poor among them. They will all be distributed free of charge. But I see that your lives are also difficult. How about this: for everyone living in your household—regardless of status—why don’t you each choose just one item of clothing and take it home today?”

The sudden offer surprised everyone, but their eyes began to shine. “Really?” asked the man who seemed to be the boss of the office. “Really,” I replied. “It doesn’t matter who lives with you—grandchildren, grandmothers, relatives’ children. The best thing is that everyone can be happy. Now, go ahead and choose.”

For a while, chaos followed. Almost all of the one hundred boxes were quickly opened, and each person selected one item of clothing. And then something interesting happened. The inspection, which had been painfully slow until then, suddenly moved at an astonishing speed. “What? It’s already finished?” I could hardly believe it.

Not only that—there would be no customs duty. “What is going on?” And then came another surprise: they offered to deliver everything to our home using the office’s six-ton truck, with fuel included. They only asked that the head of customs—the director—also be called in and allowed to choose clothing in the same way. “Of course,” I replied without hesitation.

Everything was settled smoothly. I had estimated that, using my own car, I would have had to make seven round trips over a distance of about eighty kilometers. Instead, they handled everything for us.

As I was leaving the office, I noticed piles of bags and boxes stacked in the warehouse. When I asked whose they were, a junior staff member gave me a surprising answer. “Those are used clothes sent to American and European missionaries. They are very upright people. They never pay bribes under the table, and they refuse to pay taxes. They also show no consideration to the people working here. So those boxes have been piled up there for years. On top of that, the body odor is extremely strong, and in this heat it’s unbearable. We can’t throw them away, either, and the storage fees must be enormous.”

Our God is a God who knows human weakness and swallows both purity and impurity. As for me, I am a missionary who believes in mutual understanding. Rather than insisting on rigid principles, it is better to aim for a solution where all sides gain something.

From that time on, all the used clothing sent to us was delivered without customs duties, straight to our door.

On that day, the clothes were delivered as far as Sinakbat. For the Bago and Boeng villages, they were carried by hand. Because our arrival had been greatly delayed by various circumstances, most of the adults had already gone out to the fields. The remaining young people, women, and children rose to the occasion, moving swiftly up the steep slopes, carrying the loads as if flying.